

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1912.

## Kate Carew Sipped Cup of Woe on Her Way Across the "Big Pond"

At the Outset of the Voyage Came That Awful "Sailing Slump"; Then a Frantic and Fruitless Search for Her Missing Baggage. These Were Bad Enough, but They Were Bliss Compared with the "Mal de Mer."

HAVE you ever had the sailing slump? Well, my dears, believe me, it is awful! It comes all in a moment, snap, just like that!

You may be as jolly as a sandboy at the idea of going off to foreign climes. You may be full of the great ambition of your life and heaps of other things, but when the whistles blow and the bells clang and the great ship starts to sail away from the old New York, biff! it catches you, the sailing slump, and you want to turn your face to the sky and give one long howl of woe.

It's a sort of hungry, "lost home and mother" sensation. It doesn't usually last more than a few seconds, but when it's getting in its fine work it's most as bad as the worst toothache you ever had.

You know, your Aunt Kate has been planning to hire her away to far off lands, for ages. She has just buttonholed friends, relatives and editors wherever she has met them, and by way of starting conversation has said "I want to go to Europe."

And at last I got my way and packed up my sketchbook and prepared for the journey.

## NOT OPEN TO DICTATION.

I'll admit I was somewhat set in my ideas regarding the trip I wished to take. I had certain convictions as to the most satisfactory method of getting across the millpond, and I simply waved aside all suggestions with the air of one who has nothing to learn.

I wanted to go on a brand new boat so as to be able to boast a little about it. I wanted to go second class for the experience and atmosphere. I felt there would be any number of interesting people traveling second, actors and opera singers returning to La Belle France, students with empty pockets and great futures, and teachers who were really counts and countesses, obliged to earn dollars in the U. S. A. because the family fortunes were at low ebb. I thought romance would flourish and that my pen and pencil would be constantly employed recording impressions.

Talk about the best laid plans!

Well, every one pointed out to me what mistakes I was making. Kind friends came from far and wide to explain things clearly to me, those who had travelled themselves and those who simply had travelled relatives, all joined in the chorus.

They told me it was a mistake to go on a new boat in the face of the recent terrible disaster.

They pointed out how difficult and inconvenient it would be to be seasick in French. And they one and all said, not that they were snobbish themselves, but they did think that to go second cabin was just a bit well, you know, it really was—etc.

## AUNT KATE REMAINS FIRM.

I was polite and respectful, but quite firm. The way I am when some one wants to squirm and wriggle out of an interview and I know that it is for my own good that he should be interviewed.

But, just the same, your Aunt Kate was a little exhausted when she finally got her way and her passage. And then quite suddenly all the relatives and friends subsided and forgave, and came in a sort of triumphal procession to see me off.

There were elderly ladies and elderly gentlemen and youths and maidens and babes in arms. And most of them bore with them fruit and floral offerings and even various kinds of food, in case I found I didn't care for French cooking.

The next time I leave a place I am going to do the thief-in-the-night act. Never again will I be attended by a multitude. Do you ask me why, oh, my sisters? Well, I'll tell you. Because among them all I lost my baggage.

Don't try to find out how it happened. I don't know myself. It will always remain one of the great mysteries of my young life.

I remember every one talked to me at once, and I tried to answer them all at once. Then somebody ordered me up the gangway.

The confusion was terrible. Passengers crowded each other on the deck to have a farewell look at those on shore.

At the very last moment a French bridal party arrived. The bridegroom, a submissive, wispish youth; the bride, a buxom young person in semi-bridal array, with white ribbons, flowers and bedecked with hair, which she quickly checked steam cap.

You know, I'm sentimental. I can't help it, and I got so interested in that wedding party that I forgot to notice if my baggage had followed me.

## MY BAGGAGE! OH! MY BAGGAGE!

When I came to myself and looked for it, it hadn't done the Mary's little lamb act at all. It was nowhere around.

Frantically I leaned over the side and called out to my delegation. Blank looks from them; they couldn't understand my agitation; they couldn't hear my appeal. Frenzied thoughts of what I should be without my sketchbook, my powder puff and, oh, lots of other things, lent strength to my voice. I shouted as I never have before.

And they caught it. They heard me. There was much rushing to and fro. Then finally they all assembled at the end of the dock as the ship was moving slowly off and with one accord they screamed out to me.

"It's all on board, on board, on board!" It swelled like a triumphal chorus, and I sailed away to its refrain.

Then came the aforementioned slump which rendered me Niobe-like for a few brief seconds and left me swollen about the eyes and shiny in the vicinity of the proboscis.

My bag, my powder, some eau de Cologne! They were necessary. I flew to my room to look up my things. Another shock! They were not there, after all!

I waited a little while; then I made my way out into the saloon. In all the passages were groups of people. Sometimes there would be a French family party blocking the way, the father terribly excited and upsetting all arrangements as soon as the placid, practical mother made them.

Again there would be a little bunch of curly haired chorus girls, giggling and chattering, or some spectacled academic night owls.

And these lucky shipmates of mine had belongings, while I was to face the terrors of the ocean with only the clothes on my back, a handkerchief and a purse.

The more I thought of it the more frantic I got.

I stopped stewards wherever I met them and begged them to put aside all other

duties and find my baggage. Sometimes they were of the all-French variety and did not understand a word I said. Sometimes they were half English in their conversation, in which case they would smile sweetly and tell me that all would "be perfectly arranged one little moment."

On and on I flew, even up to the deck, where uniformed officers listened gravely to my sad story.

I'm sure I should have made my way to the captain's cabin had I not encountered one Monsieur le Commissaire, who by infinite tact and diplomacy headed me off and soothed and calmed me by reassurances and promises. He was so sympathetic that I felt I had found a friend and a brother.

The keynote on that boat was sympathy, but he had all the others beaten to a frazzle. I really believe, girls, that that man will be President of the French Republic the day he feels he wants the job.

He never found that baggage for me. I don't believe he ever cared particularly to find it or expected to find it, but he always looked on the verge of tears over the matter; he always implored me to calm myself, as if he were the family doctor, and I invariably felt cheered and encouraged by any talk I had with him.

Well, here's where the asterisks get in their fine work.

I'll have to draw a veil over the three terrible baggageless, seasick days I passed on that ship.

## SYMPATHETIC PASSENGERS.

Many of the passengers learned of my bereavement. The news even spread to the aristocratic parlors of the first cabin, and friends there sent messages of sympathy, sometimes in concrete form.

Dear little Mrs. May Preston, the illustrator, in the cutest widow sort of get-up, black and white magpie effect, penetrated to my stateroom while I was being seasick in French and bemoaning my loss in good American, and she spoke cheering words to me and loaned me pen and pencils, so that I could ply my trade if ever I felt the inclination.

Harrison Fisher, too, sent a message of condolence, and so did Gilbert White, while Billie, his pretty wife, played the good Samaritan and visited me.

Rumor has it that Charlie Schwab wished to head a subscription list to give me a memento of the voyage in the shape of new baggage.

As for the second cabin passengers, well, they almost overwhelmed me with sympathetic attentions. They were very French, very excitable, and they all took the loss of my baggage as a personal matter. They would have loaned me combs and brushes, bathrobes and even toothbrushes, the dear communitarian creatures, but I declined all.

Every day M. le Commissaire, looking perfectly spotless and beautiful, came to report.

"M. le Capitaine's compliments, and he regrets deeply Madame's shocking predicament, but everything is being done," etc.

At last, my dears, I pulled myself together. It was time a woman took charge of affairs.

I corralled three stewards, a head one and two underlings, threatened them with dreadful things if they didn't lead from room to room, till I found my trunk, bag and sketching materials.

It was quite an imposing little procession



WE DISCOURSED OF SOFT COAL AND ICEBERGS AND FAIR VOYAGES.

cannot feel tenderly toward them. Being British, though they were sharing such cramped quarters, they had never struck up enough of a friendship to discuss little things like luggage, and each had supposed my trunk and bag belonged to the other and had delicately refrained from touching them or mentioning them.

And there was I all those weary, baggageless hours, eating my heart out for the touch of a vanished powder puff and the joy of clothes that were clean.

Yes, there is certainly such a thing as being too refined and reticent, and I wish the British were more open hearted with each other.

the "salon Maureque," the "salon mixte," the "salon de conversation," the "appartement de grand luxe," the Aubusson tapestries and the panache de Gaston la Touche.

As far as atmosphere was concerned, my dears, I must confess I was disappointed. There were no artists, no counts and countesses with aristocratic bearings and shabby clothes, and only a few theatrical and operatic stars of no great magnitude. The majority of the passengers were good, thrifty members of the French bourgeoisie class, who had left comfortable retail businesses in New York and were taking their wives and families for a brief holiday in

threw in a few extra meals.

I didn't talk as much French as I should have. I know that, but, oh, my dears, it is so much harder than you think it is going to be! I had my grammar and my dictionary with me, and I had learned many sentences so I could say them right off without thinking. But they weren't at all the sentences I wanted when I did want any, and before we had been out many days I realized I wasn't going to get enough of the language to interview the divine Sarah and Maeterlinck the moment I arrived.

Then, too, what made it harder for a patient and painstaking student was that the

Things Became Rosier, However, with the Advent of "Sea Legs" and a Sea Appetite, and She Found Herself Taking an Interest in Such Things as Bridal Parties and the Life History of the Captain.

The captain, of course, held aloof most of the time, but he couldn't always escape auntie. Once she waylaid him when the wind was blowing hard and he was going the round of the ship. She felt she must have a heart-to-heart talk with him that moment, and she wore her large-eyed wonder look as he passed her way.

## WAYLAYING THE CAPTAIN.

Of course, he felt it. Isn't it funny what you can do with them, even when they're covered with authority and gold lace?

I asked him most intelligent questions while the wind was blowing ever so many knots an hour.

Oh, we are martyrs, we women; martyrs to duty.

Well, he just unburdened himself to me. He made me the recipient of all sorts of statistical details of the ship. He told me how many tons of coal we were using, how many we would use and how many we would have used by the time we arrived.

He juggled with figures when he spoke of the crew and the passengers, the food and the rooms.

Dear ones, believe me, if that man hadn't been a sea captain he'd have been a grand lightning calculator.

At last I felt my poor head whirling in an effort to add, subtract and multiply his conversation, and I thought we had better tack.

"What about icebergs?" I shouted, trying to get the best of the wind.

"Do you think we'll see any, or does the southern route make that impossible?" That was a starter for him, and he took it up and dropped the statistics.

"Madam," he said, majestically, and in the wind, too, "have no fear. We shall no icebergs meet, to our danger."

Then he went on and told me what he thought about this shutting-the-stable-door-when-the-steed-has-escaped idea of the southern route. He pronounced it nonsense.

There always had been icebergs, there always would be icebergs, southern trip or no southern trip.

"The only way to fight them," he assured me, with a broad and expansive gesture, "is to navigate properly through them. Changing the course is no benefit, as it costs the passengers time and the company money, and it does not really alter the icebergs."

"Well, what would you suggest to help lessen the iceberg peril?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm not sure," he ruminated, stroking his silky beard, which you could see he tried hard not to be proud of, but was, all the same. "But I think I myself should propose this. Have an international escort by wireless of the location of the bergs."

"Is there danger all the year 'round?"

"Yes, all the year, but particularly in May and June."

I think by this time he wanted to escape me and go back and steer the ship, or whatever captains do when they're not seen around, but he was awfully French and awfully polite, so my next question kept him chained to the spot a little longer.

"Have there been any great iceberg accidents besides the Titanic?"

"Yes, indeed, madam," he said, gravely. "Before the days of the wireless a ship

the pleasure of conducting charming ladies across the ocean."

Then he bowed, and I bowed as well as I could with the wind lashing me as if it had a personal grudge against me, and he bowed again and was gone.

Ah, me, I do like Frenchmen. They've got a sort of a way with them.

I didn't see him again the few remaining days of the trip, but he will always remain my ideal sea captain.

I do think he must have miscalculated about the tide, though, because our swell and good ship advertised that she would dock at a real dock when she got to Havre. No small boat business for her.

Well, she went as far up in the channel as she possibly could, and then started rolling and pitching, and a cute little, neat little pilot came aboard and told us there wasn't tide enough for us, and it was tug-boats or no catching the Paris express.

Now, I didn't want the Paris train anyhow, and I just said to myself, No baby, boys in mine. The good, stanch ship for me.

But, bless you, it didn't do any good to plan that.

Off I had to go with all the rest of them, two hundred packed in at a time and the rain pelting down on my one and only headgear.

## GOING ASHORE IN THE RAIN.

I don't want to throw any bouquets of daffodils at my sex, but I must say we rose to the occasion better than those mere males did. They grumbled and swore and complained like poor, spoiled darlings, and I believe they felt some symptoms of just plain scare, for there were two husky pugilists being sent over to show the French fighting as she is fit, who took off their coats by heady to leap overboard if all did not go well.

But it did.

We got in safely, if most uncomfortably, and then I found that I was the only person who wasn't going on that Paris express. Yes, the one and only!

My own brother bade me a hasty goodbye and flew to secure a seat.

My Preston dashed past, telling a hurried tale of how the Louisa Cresser Walters was going to meet her in the Gay City and go on a motoring expedition with her. Gilbert White and his wife took time to shake hands and give me the address in Paris where Gilbert is going to work on wonderful Greek mural decorations for a government building somewhere in the U. S. A. I can't remember where, and then they were all lost like shadows in the mist, and I was left by my wild lone.

My! but New York thought pretty good to me then, and my! but I expostulated forcibly with myself for having wanted to go to England by way of France!

Well, I had to find the boat that was to bear me thence, anyhow; so like a waif in melodrama I prowled about the docks. I discovered three small French boys ready and anxious to work, and each took one precious piece of baggage.

They hustled me around, and I studied the places to go to gray and picturesque. I gazed at the gay, green scattered café, at the hospitable lights from the windows of little homes and at the stage gendarmes in blue caps and the stage soldiers in red trousers. Can you see Kate hiking all around the wind-swept quays, her umbrella almost blown away, her sole hat with its wealth of white flowers drenched to a pulp, her temper frayed at the edges and tears and raindrops dimming her goggles?

At last the three French boys said "Alors" in chorus. Madame had arrived. There was the boat for Southampton.

There was a motherly stewardess on board, and she soothed me and gave me tea and tucked me up in bed, so I forgot my troubles. Then the next morning, when the sun shone and the breeze seemed laden with the scent of English wild flowers, I was glad I had come, and I perked up and said quite chirpily:

"Sing ho, for good old London town."

## A LOVERS' QUARREL.

Thomas W. Lawson, who has announced his candidacy for the United States Senate on a "high cost of living" platform, said the other day in Boston:

"We can shatter the trusts and combinations that keep food prices up if we go about it resolutely, for these organizations are not nearly so united and harmonious among themselves as they pretend."

"Their ranks are riddled, as a matter of fact, by internal squabbles, though, like Korter, they put the best face possible on the matter."

"Korter, you know, turned up at the office one morning with a black eye and a missing front tooth."

"Just a lovers' quarrel," he explained, airily to his brother clerks—a lovers' quarrel—that's all."

"But, Korter," cried the bookkeeper, "you don't mean to tell me that dainty Marie Lanigan did all that to you?"

"No," Korter admitted, "it was her other lover."

## FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Senator Bristow, apropos of Independence Day, was analyzing in Salina the troops under Cornwallis during the Revolution.

"And in the end," he said, "they became so panicstricken that they were like Blanc's wife."

"Blanc's wife, you know, whenever a shutter rattled or a board creaked, would wake up her husband and say:

"Oh, John, there are burglars downstairs! Don't you hear them? Oh, what shall we do?"

"But Blanc hit at last on an idea that, he thought, would compose his wife permanently."

"Look here," he said, "you can rest assured those noises aren't burglars. Burglars work in absolute silence. You never hear a sound from them."

Senator Bristow smiled.

"And now," he said, "Mrs. Blanc wakes her husband up in a blue panic whenever there's no noise."

## A MODERN INSTANCE.

Murray Wheeler, vice-consul for Russia at Mobile, said at a bouillabaisse luncheon, apropos of Independence Day:

"It is a sad but inspiring thing to think of that bell-ringing boy, ringing out the tidings of American freedom, died for joy."

But a young English "remittance man," sneered at this remark and said:

"Have you ever known any one to be actually killed by joy?"

Mr. Wheeler smiled at the Briton and retorted:

"Well, I did know a beautiful Yankee belle once who was found lying dead across the coffin of her husband, old Lord Lauchlin."

we made, as we promenaded from stateroom to stateroom. Even the first cabin was not sacred to us. We boldly invaded its innermost precincts. Others joined us. My brother, a first cabin-nob he was, several friends and the ubiquitous M. le Commissaire. You know the kind—something misanthropic, or some one is being chased, has happened or some one is being chased, and fresh people keep tagging along.

All of a sudden I gave a squeal of joy. I had found me child—I mean my belongings. There they were, nestled in a cozy little cabin occupied by two English ladies who happened along at the moment of discovery. I am sure they were women of unimpeachable character, but somehow I

Well, anyhow, that night I appeared at dinner quite radiant in my very glad rags. Your little Aunt Kate had carefully kalsomined her nose, her puffs shone like molten gold, and her goggles beamed contentment.

We were very comfy in our humble second cabin quarters. Our staterooms were good sized and daintily furnished. We had plenty of deck space, a smoking room, a library and a salon, with a good piano, which was kept working pretty nearly every hour of the day.

We didn't miss the gorgeous trappings of the first class a bit, but we were pleased to be allowed to go over and see them by special invitation, and when we came back over, I am sure they were women of unimpeachable character, but somehow I

their native land.

We weren't troubled by any first class conventions as to caste. There was a camaraderie and a friendliness among us like unto that of a theatrical boarding house.

We told each other the story of our lives. We chatted with each other or about each other with perfect impartiality. We got dreadfully excited over the little flirtations in our midst, and we surveyed the first class magnates with interest untinged with envy.

For the first few days I didn't care a bit how they fed us. Food was anathema! But with my baggage and my sea legs came a sea appetite, and your little auntie did her share at every meal. In fact, she

stewards were just as anxious to learn English as I was to learn French, and they wouldn't be chatty with me in their native tongue. Wasn't it mean of them, when it was one of the reasons why I travelled on their line?

I thought of going up to the officers and making them feel a sense of duty toward me and my French, but you know I am not pushing, and they seemed so busy. When they didn't have little official jobs to perform they filled up the moments by taking snapshots of each other in groups talking to ladies, or singly, posed against bulkheads and things.

They really were very nice boys, but no use on earth as French teachers.

just disappeared. No trace of her or her passengers was ever found—undoubtedly an encounter with an iceberg."

Then I got personal in my next effort.

"Have you ever had an accident?"

"Never!" he replied, most emphatically.

"Oh, touch wood," I implored.

He looked puzzled, but he was so polite he did it at once, and I did it, too, and then I explained its significance. It was a new one on him, but he said he was glad he did it.

I told him I just pitied him all he had on his mind—tons of coal, icebergs and roses and things—and he answered:

"Madam, it is true there is much upon my mind, but all is compensated for by



FOR THE MOMENT I WISHED I WERE BACK ON THAT DEAR OLD BROADWAY.